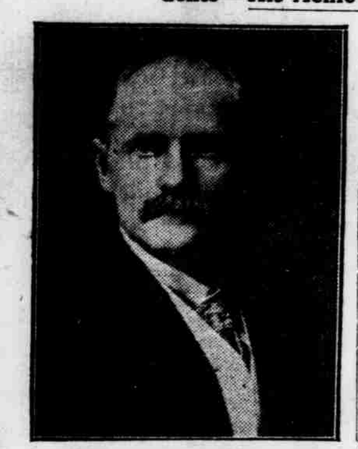
MUTILATED

Tennessee Has Aroused Herself at Last to Pay Tribute to Soldier and Statesman Whose Memory Has So Long Been Neglected.

Million Dollar Monument, Suitable Memorial to Man Who Was One of Nation's Greatest Soldiers and Presidents—His Achievements Related.



JOHN TROTWOOD MOORE.

By JOHN TROTWOOD MOORE.

Tennessee has at last aroused herself to honor the memory of Andrew Jackson, her greatest national character, in the form of a $1,000,000 monument.

To do this, the state of Tennessee asks the co-operation of all patriotic citizens of the United States in honoring the memory of one of the nation's greatest soldiers and Presidents.

Strange to say, no suitable monument has ever been erected to Andrew Jackson, nor is his statue among the so-called immortals in the hall of fame. An indifferent equestrian statue at Washington, New Orleans, and Nashville, all replicas and not of very great artistic merit, is all that has been done to commemorate the memory and heroic achievements of this, the first great President to come from the people themselves, and, incidentally, the only soldier worth while between Washington and the civil war.

It is almost humiliating to think of the worthy honors that have been bestowed upon the other great Presidents, and the neglect that has fallen to the portion of this man, who is now conceded by all to be one of the three great epoch-making [illegible] of the republic. Of the first of these—Washington—there are no end of suitable monuments, the chief of which, the Washington monument at the national capital, is one of the historic structures of the world. The other great President, Abraham Lincoln, who, like Jackson, came from the common people, and who, like him, marked an era of achievement which was destined to change the current of all national thought and action, has had, and is still having, suitable monuments and memorials worthy of his great life and charity from ocean to ocean, and his humble birthplace is a Mecca for all patriotic Americans.

Why should not the same kind of memorial be given to Andrew Jackson, who, according to Lincoln's own statement, was the inspiration of his own political life and actions, and who, at no less a political crisis than that which confronted Lincoln, declared that "the union must and shall be preserved;" who snatched the southwest from England and the Indian, and, in one battle, the most remarkable ever fought on American soil, saved to the nation the entire Louisiana purchase and gave us the inestimable century of foreign peace that followed the battle of New Orleans? Measured by this result alone, Andrew Jackson was the greatest soldier of the republic. Afterwards, he was one of her greatest Presidents.

Is it not time that the nation is awakening to a suitable monument to him?

MEMORIAL PLANS.

It is proposed to follow the path of honors bestowed upon Lincoln, and, in addition to a suitable memorial at Nashville, it is hoped that the plans will ultimately culminate in the building of a great national highway from Chicago to the gulf, much of it following the old historic Natchez trace, which, in the days of Jackson, was the only military road in the southwest. In view of the great importance of the Panama canal, this will be one of the chief thoroughfares of the nation.

Briefly stated, it is proposed that at about the center of this highway, at Nashville, the home of Andrew Jackson, a suitable park be built, called Jackson park, given by the city of Nashville and Davidson county, to cost $500,000. A memorial arch will form its entrance, and within a memorial building, with a suitable statue of Jackson at its entrance. Within the building it is proposed to preserve the historic relics of Jackson, now at the Hermitage, and in the Tennessee Historical society rooms.

NEW HISTORICAL FACTS.

It is peculiarly fitting that the states of Louisiana, Arkansas, Alabama, Mississippi, and Texas should contribute liberally to this memorial. But for this man it is doubtful if these states would now form a part of our great union. For many years, our histories have wrongly taught us that the battle of New Orleans was a useless shedding of blood, the treaty of Ghent having been signed some two weeks before. Even so brilliant and accurate a historian as Mr. Roosevelt, in his "Winning of the West," has fallen into this error. But recently there has been brought to light, chiefly through one of the best and latest histories of Jackson, historic evidence which has placed this great battle and this great man who won it in a new light before the American people. In doing some original work upon this subject in the Howard library, in New Orleans, some years ago, I ran upon the evidence, which follows. Since then, the historian, Buel, has incorporated it in his excellent history of Jackson. This evidence is so new and startling that I can not refrain from going briefly into a recital of the facts, which are as follows: Despite the treaty of Ghent, the British would have taken and held, but for the victory of Jackson at New Orleans, the entire Louisiana purchase, and formed another government there. In winning this victory, Jackson saved to the nation the Louisiana purchase, and kept us from another war with Great Britain, and eventually gave us the century of peace which has followed, and which, it is hoped, will forever end war between these two great English-speaking people.

It is proposed to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary, this year, of the treaty of Ghent, but let it not be forgotten that the spirit of peace owes more to Jackson than to the commissioners themselves.

BATTLE IN THE NIGHT

For nearly a century we have glorified the battle of January 8, but the greatest achievement of Jackson, the crucial test, the most sublime evidence of his genius and generalship, was in that remarkable night battle of December 23. Never in all history has any general risen to so superb a crisis. It seems almost incredible when we glance at the facts, which, by the way, are necessary in order to fully explain the force of Governor Allen's letter.

On December 8, 1814, just one month, to a day, before the great battle was fought, a splendid double-decked battleship, the Tornant, flying the British admiral's flag, and which proved to be the advance guard of the great host, anchored off Chendeleur's island.

There were two ways to reach New Orleans—up the Mississippi river or in the open bay through Lake Borgne, and thence a march across the delta straight to the city. The English chose the latter. Five little American gunboats, with one hundred and eighty men, lay in Lake Borgne, and these put up a gallant fight against the forty-five barges and one thousand men, who finally grappled with them and took them with cutlass, pike, [illegible]. And there at noon, December 23, 1814, on the banks of the Bayou Bienvenue, a lonely marshy place, and the last place that the Americans thought they would land, the British, nineteen hundred strong, under General Keane, one of the ablest officers of the British army, landed without opposition, and even without the knowledge of General Jackson, who was beyond the city, near Lake Ponchartrain, expecting them there. In two more hours, Keane had added four hundred more troops to his command, a larger force that day than Jackson's entire available command, and, most startling of all, within nine miles of New Orleans on a dead level plain. It was an easy march to New Orleans, and if Keane had marched it that afternoon the city would have been his before night. And why did he not? For one reason only—neither Packenham nor Keane, nor any general or soldier of the British army supposed for one instant that there was anything before them but a lot of cowardly backwoodsmen whom they could brush away with their bayonets or stampede with a single charge.

BEST OF TROOPS.

And who were these men? Who was their commander, and what had they done on battlefields before? Packenham and the army under him at New Orleans were the pink of Wellington's troops, who had driven Bonaparte's greatest general across the Pyrennes. They had conquered at Rodrigo, San Sebastian, Toulouse, Salamanca. Naturally, they laughed at raw backwoods militia, with not even a bayonet to their uncouth Deckard rifles. And what were their victories? Was there any real ground for fear that they would carry out their threats of "beauty and booty" in New Orleans? For answer, I ask you to read the British General Napier's account of what these same soldiers did after sacking the city of Badajos. When Jackson rode along to the front in the afternoon to meet the British, the women and children of New Orleans surrounded him in terror and consternation. "Say to them," he said to General Livingstone, "that no British soldier shall enter this city unless over my dead body. I will smash them, by the eternal!" But that night, many of the women of New Orleans slept with small daggers in their bosoms, and well may the handsome Creole women of New Orleans have been afraid, after Badajos, San Sebastian, and Toulouse.

Jackson had reached New Orleans, December 2, more fit for the hospital than the camp, and as it proved, with only three weeks in which to prepare the defenseless city; but under the magic of that strange, positive, fiery man, the quick tempers of the impulsive inhabitants were welded to the white heat of desperation. And what a motley lot of defenders he found—about eight hundred new troops, regulars, raw and undrilled. But Coffee and his Tennesseans were coming from Pensacola, through the woods, and Jackson sent courier after courier to them, saying: "Don't stop till you reach me, or arrive in striking distance." Carroll, with other Tennessee and Kentucky troops, had floated down the Cumberland, the Ohio, and were now on the Mississippi, but they had only one gun to ten men until they overtook a boatload of muskets, and with these Carroll drilled his men on the decks of his boat. To him Jackson sent a boat up the river with this message: "I am resolved, feeble as my force is, to await the enemy on his first landing, and perish sooner than he shall reach the city." Two thousand Kentuckians, under Generals Thomas and Adair, were also floating down the Mississippi, a ragged, defenseless, and almost gunless crowd, without blankets or tents, and with only one cooking kettle to every eighty men. And now it was the fourteenth day of December, and the British had been at the mouth of the river nearly a week.

JACKSON'S MEN.

On the evening of the 17th, Coffee, one hundred and twenty-nine miles from New Orleans, received Jackson's note. His horses were poor, three hundred of his men were sick, but in three days he was there, but only with his picked men—eight hundred—all that could follow so rapid a march. And here is the way our pioneer forefathers in battle looked, from General Livingstone's description of them: "Their appearance was not very military. In their woolen hunting shirts of dark or dingy colors and copperas-dyed pantaloons made, both garments, at home by their wives, mothers, and sisters; with slouching wool hats, some composed of the skin of raccoons and foxes, with belts of untanned deer skin in which were stuck hunting knives and tomahawks, their hair long and unkempt, and faces unshorn." Of their leader, Andrew Jackson, Theodore Roosevelt, in his "Naval War of 1812," thus fittingly declares: "Yet, although a mighty and cruel foe was at their very gates, nothing save fierce defiance reigned in the fiery Creole hearts of the Crescent city. For a master spirit was in their midst. Andrew Jackson, having utterly broken and destroyed the most powerful Indian confederacy that ever menaced the southwest, and having driven the haughty Spaniard from Pensacola, was now bending all the energies of his rugged intellect and indomitable will to the one object of defending New Orleans. No man could have been better fitted for the task. He had hereditary wrongs to avenge on the British, and he hated them with an implacable fury that was absolutely devoid of fear. Born and brought up among the lawless characters of the frontier, and knowing well how to deal with them, he was able to establish and preserve the strictest martial law in the city without in the least quelling the spirit of the citizens. To a restless and untiring energy he united sleepless vigilance and genuine military genius. He always adopted the scheme of warfare that was best adapted to his wild soldiery.

"It was 2 o'clock, December 23, before Jackson learned that Keane, with 2,300 picked men, had landed and marched to the river's bank, within six miles of New Orleans. Without a moment's hesitation, he drew up his thin, sick, and sallow form, struck his clenched fist on a table, and said: 'By the eternal, they shall not sleep on our soil.'"

TOOK IT QUIETLY.

Very quietly, later, he ate a little rice and dozed on a sofa—the only sleep he had thereafter for four days and nights—then he started to meet the enemy with a little over two thousand nondescript men. Can any one doubt from this decision alone that this man was the greatest military genius of the first half of the republic, and one of the greatest of the world? Here were the British, more than a match for him in number, equipment, and confidence. So sure were they of taking the city that they had actually loafed all day and now had gone into a jolly camp at sunset on the banks of the great river, preferring not to hurry on, that it would be more pleasant to march into the city bright and early the next day, and not at night. They were disciplined and bayoneted, jolly as a lot of schoolboys, full of fun and fight, and confident in that bravery that had made them the victors in six years of solid fighting. I can not think of another general from Caesar to Bonaparte, from Washington to Lee, from Stonewall Jackson to Ulysses S. Grant, who would not have said: "I will fight them in the morning. This afternoon I will prepare. I will barricade. I will entrench. I will throw up my breastworks between them and the city."

And this would have been fatal. In broad daylight Keane would have whipped them. No unbayoneted and undisciplined militia could have stood up in an open plain before Keane's highlanders. He would have defeated Jackson that night but for the darkness which so well suited the grizzled men, who had cat eyes for night fighting, and panther souls for the combat; who had stalked bear and Indians in the shadows of it; who could steal in and steal out and use their bear knives in close places.

And Jackson knew it. He fell on them like a panther, from the darkness of a swamp. He gave them a blow that Soult, nor Ney, nor Bonaparte had ever given. He taught them a warfare they had never dreamed of. He cut the sand out of their craws, and the conceit out of their boasting mouths. And this is the way he did it:

His troops were put in motion about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, but he himself galloped to the river bank and signaled to the little Carolina to drop down. Then he spurred his horse and galloped after the dust cloud going down the road towards the Rodriguez canal. I could see it all so plainly as I stood on the banks of the river with the same landscape before me—the lean, sallow, booted man, his long legs dangling beneath his horse's belly, galloping seemingly to death and defeat. This man of destiny, this man who believed in himself, this man who believed in his fellow man, and with all his soul believed in his country and his God, and that his God had sent him to whip the British! And I could see these nondescript troops going down so merrily to death in that cloud of dust—what pathos, what patriotism, what sublime ignorance of the task that lay before them! With what blind faith in Jackson and God went they forth that day to fight the conquering, red English, who knew no such word as defeat, no such tactics as retreat. And this crowd was going to drive the victors into the river, and do it at night, and not a hundred bayonets on their guns, but with only two little six-pound cannon!

HAVING GOOD TIME.

It was now 6 o'clock and the British were having a jolly good time. The camp fires burned merrily and abundance of supper for hungry, healthy stomachs. And now it is 7 o'clock, and suddenly a little gunboat looms out of the twilight in the river before them—a queer-looking little craft, and they crowded up on the bank to look at it. It came steadily on, its guns trained on the crowd of soldiers on the bank, who were laughing, jollying, and bantering it with empty jokes: "Can it shoot?" "What is it, boys?" "Give it a few from a musket," are the shouts as they fired on the little Carolina with their muskets. Then, out of the darkness, came a guttural command: "Now, boys, for the honor of America, give it to them." And, to their astonishment, there was poured into the joking nation, there was poured into the joking crowd a regular hell of grape and shell, driving the British, pell-mell, to camp and to arms from the levee banks.

Jackson had reached the Bayou Bienvenu about 4 o'clock, and formed his thin lines as far across the plains as he could to flank the enemy. Notices had been stuck up everywhere, signed by General Keane and Admiral Cochrane, reading: "Louisianans, remain quietly in your homes; your slaves will be preserved for you and your property respected. We make war against Americans." Observe, if you please, their distinction between Louisianans and Americans.

BATTLE IN THE DARK.

No man can paint that battle in the dark. For no man ever saw such a fight in the dark before. The English stood and fought in their rugged bravery, but Jackson went right in on them, his men using their knives and rifle-butts, and in the mixup the English knew not front from rear, nor friend from foe. Powder smoke settled, gray and sulphurous, over the plain, half dimming an already cloud-dimmed moon. The fog added to it, and out on the river the guns of the Carolina, pouring shot into their rear while Jackson's men sheathed firelike lightning circles in their front. The British soon rallied under their splendid disciplined shoulder to shoulder lines; they charged out into the darkness under clouds of smoke and fog to hear strange backwoods yells and ungodly oaths and to feel strange bear knives rip into their vitals from out of the dark. Unable to hold their alignment in the dark, they would fall back in confusion in squads and singly to the camp on the river bank. But each time they would come back before clubbed guns and tomahawks and bear knives.

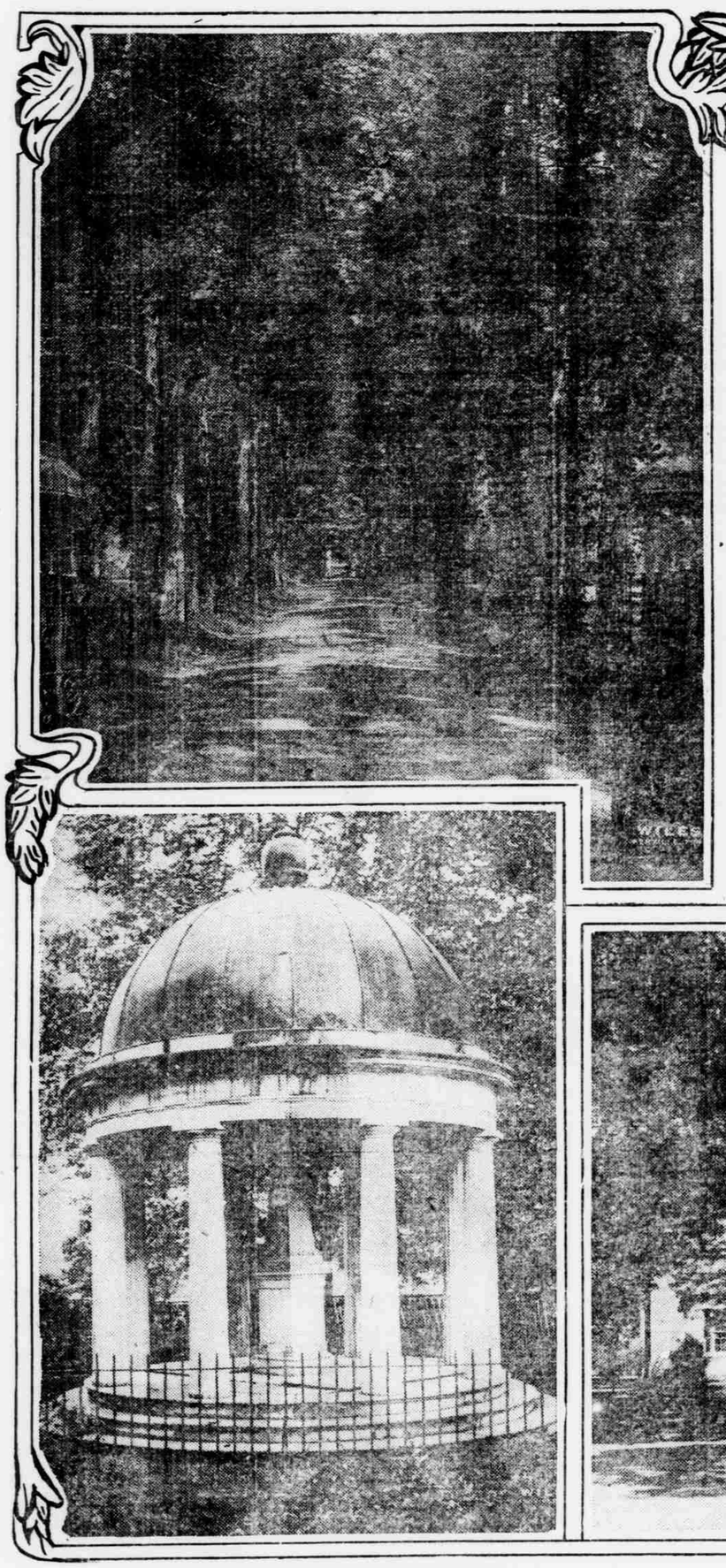
It was a riot, not a battle; a butchery, not a fight.

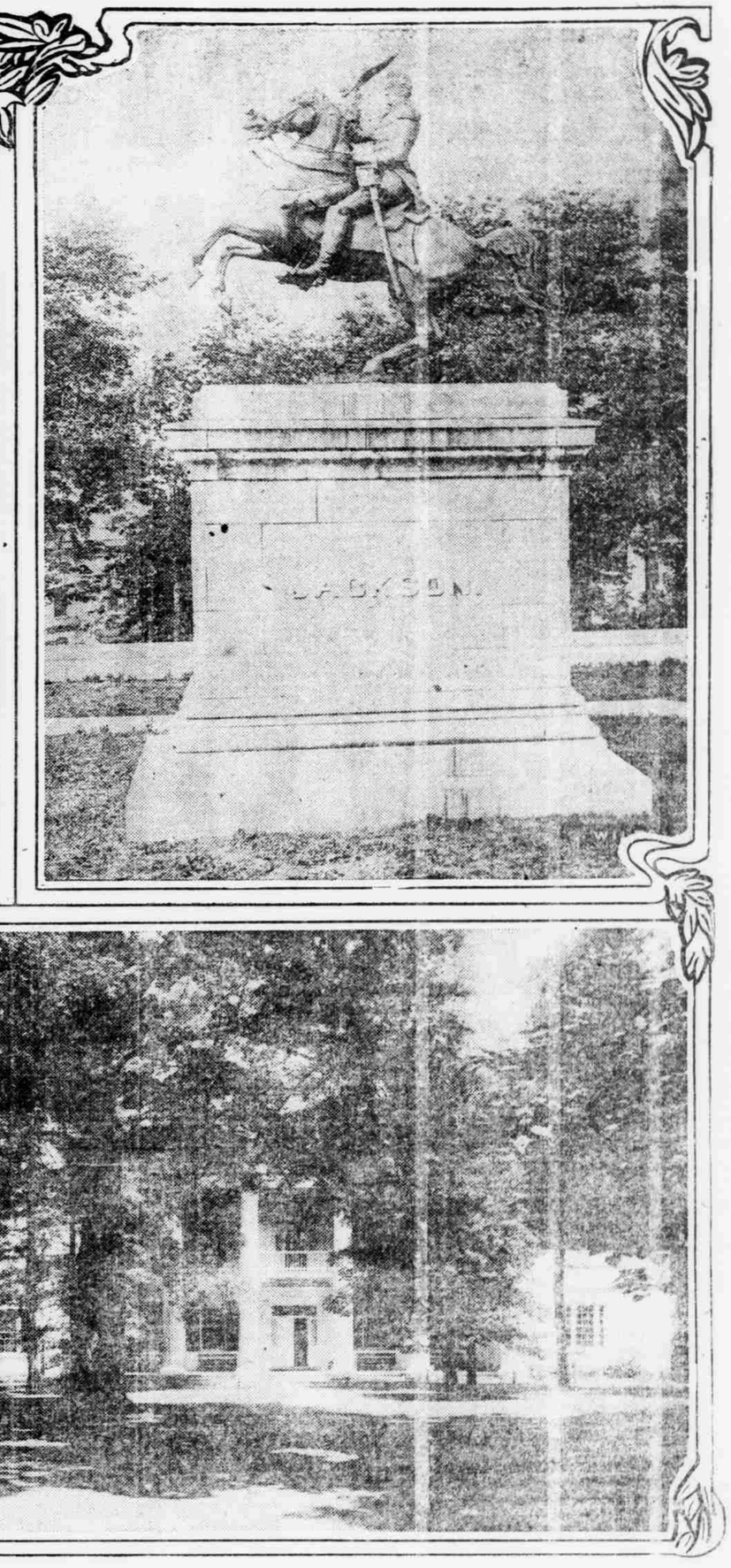
At midnight, Jackson collected his men, fell back to the camp, and began there to throw up the long line of entrenchments over which no vaunted British soldier ever put his foot. Keane was stopped, shocked, cut to pieces, dumbfounded. Three hundred lay dead or wounded on the old, and sixty-four had run away or been captured. And now, at daylight, before him, entrenched and ready for another fight, lay the same intrepid backwoodsmen who had violated all the rules of warfare by fighting them in that hand-to-hand, unentrenched, and on an open plain, when, if he had waited a few more hours, the city would have been theirs.

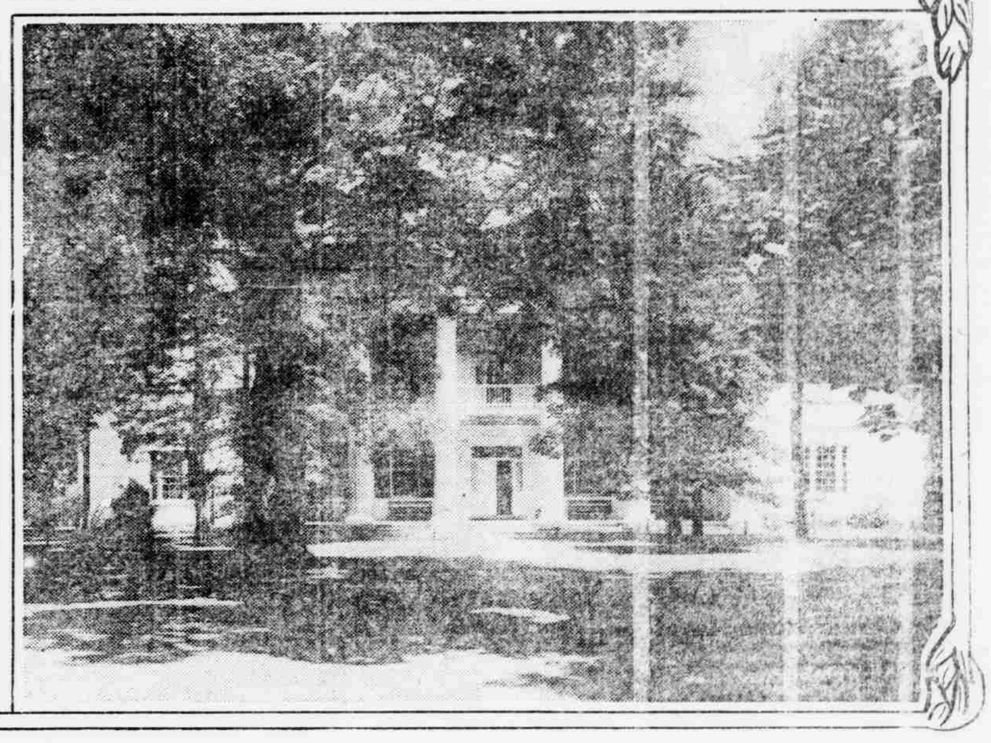
Keane stopped and called lustily for help.

On the next day, December 24, the treaty of Ghent was signed, and on that day the British commissioners had every reason to believe that "their crown province of Louisiana," to use their own words in describing it, was in possession of Packenham's army, and a British government established.

It was Jackson alone who stopped it.







Jackson monument and scenes at historic Hermitage.
Above is shown the Jackson monument at the capital grounds and the driveway leading to the Hermitage.
Below is the beautiful Jackson tomb, where the great statesman and his wife are buried, and the historic Jackson home.

NOT IN THE LIQUOR BUSINESS, SAYS JUDGE

Federal Judge Landis of Chicago was asked the other day to appoint a receiver for a certain saloon. "I have gone out of the retail liquor business," replied the judge. "I'll order the receiver to close the business at once."

VANDERBILT ALUMNI POEM READ AT ANNUAL BANQUET BY S. W. WILLIAMS

S. W. Williams, '08, B. E. and B. A., composed and read the alumni poem at the annual banquet of the alumni association of Vanderbilt, held at Kissam Hall. The poem was as follows:

There lies in each of us, my friends,
A common kindred power,
That yearly brings us home again;
That draws us here this hour.

It can explain how warms the heart
To view this festal throng;
It is the same strong, stirring force
We know in yell and song.

This tender cord that binds us all
To Alma Mater's breast
Links each to other, here and now,
In common interest.

To grasp this hand, to hear that voice,
Is happiness we know;
To look into each other's face
And speak the long ago;

To sit again in the dim past
And swing our dangling feet
Against the well-remembered wall
That stood beside the street;

Or, arm in arm, to walk the paths
Our memories recall,
And gaze upon each hallowed spot
Of campus, room, and hall.

How flood these visions o'er the heart!
What tender feelings bring
Of happy days and all that was
To which our memories cling!

'Twere well to take a retrospect
And view the space from here
To the sunlit hills of college days
That we now see so clear;

To view the valley shadows on
The paths that we have trod,
And the brighter peaks and hillocks, where
The sun is on the sod;

To profit by the lessons which
The world has made us know;
To lend the sympathetic ear
And be fair to friend and foe;

To recognize the service due
The world in which we live;
For we may see more ways to serve,
And we have more to give.

Not goods, nor gold, nor land,
But what is worth far more than these—
The power to expand.

How, then, has each one followed out
His individual scheme?
How has he wrought upon the plan
Which was ambition's dream?

For those are here who may look back
Across life's trackless sea
And read the log of voyage grim
To port of High Degree.

And those there are who have not gained
A haven of renown,
Although they've held the rudder true
In strait, and gulf, and sound.

Our youthful charts, alas, are marred
With reef and rocky shore.
Where we have sailed our barks along
That we ne'er knew before.

And had we not here learned to steer,
And hold our courses straight,
Perhaps our wrecks would strew the sand
Where others met their fate.

For, Alma Mater, thou dost shine
Upon the dangerous way;
Thou art our lighthouse on the reef
To send the guiding ray;

Thou art our sun o'er desert sea,
When to our course we're blind,
Whereby we solve our latitude,
And our true courses find.

The moon upon the wave thou art,
Or on the shining strand;
Thou givest us rich sights to see
In wave, and sky, and land.

And as the tides on every shore
The lunar forces know,
Draw us each year to thee again,
Nor ever leave us go.

Make us to see what debt we owe
For inspiration gained;
For broader sight, for strength to do,
For everything attained!

Then must we render unto thee
Who gave us mental brawn,
Our loyalty, a service due
To aid thy causes on.

Yet, giving more, one more receives;

FOREST FIRES DUE TO DRY WEATHER

(From the Forest Service Bulletin.)

More than one hundred forest fires occurred during May in the national forest areas of the southern Appalachians, coincident with one of the severest spring droughts ever known in the southeast. The statements are based on reports of the weather bureau and the forest service.

The rainfall throughout the greater part of the southeast during most of March, April and May was below normal, and in certain sections of the Carolinas in May the rainfall dropped as low as two per cent of the normal. The number of fires reported in the southeastern forest areas increased during the spring months, while the drought increased. Only 26 fires were reported for March, 89 for April and 104 for May. The latter month is usually a safe one as regards forest fires. Most of the fires occurred on the White Top, Unaka and Smoky Mountain areas on the Carolina highland, which are crossed by railroads. Railroads are given as the cause of three-quarters of the April fires reported. Only those fires which were burning on or near government land were reported by the forest service; they are, therefore, only a small portion of all the fires.

The month of June started in with the drought continuing at full blast in the southeast. A few local rains and showers have occurred, but these have not been sufficient to reduce the fire hazard.

In the far west the two bureaus of the department are co-operating to the fullest extent, the weather bureau furnishing special warnings of drying winds and the forest service taking extra precautions when such warnings are received.